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THE following lines were written, by a young Irish barrister, in 1840, in relation to the British war in India, and were said to have put "a complete check to enlistment in Dublin for some time." Being persuaded that the chief sources of war are the existence of large armies, and the facility of recruiting for them; and that these verses are as applicable to the present war, as to that for which they were written, we republish them, with the omission of a few inapplicable stanzas.

Said the Fife and Drum,  
 "Come, People, come;  
 You've heard of warlike story!  
 The Queen wants men;  
 Come, enlist, and then  
 You'll fight, and be crowned with glory."

Said the village boys,  
 With a deal of noise,  
 "You may rattle on your drums;  
 But we wont take pay,  
 To lay waste and slay,  
 And bring trouble on our homes."

Said the Serjeant, "Stare  
 On the clothes we wear,  
 Bright scarlet, green, and gold,  
 And then the pay,  
 Fourteen pence a day,  
 And a pension when we're old."

Said the People all,  
 Both great and small,  
 "We've long been simple fools;  
 For we have paid  
 For your glittering blade,  
 Your pension, and your tools."

Said the Serjeant, "Boys,  
 Leave off our noise;  
 Come, come, enlist; and then  
 The band will play,  
 And you'll march away,  
 And you'll see the world like men."

Said the village boys,  
 With a deal of noise,  
 "We live at home in peace;  
 Our coats of frieze  
 We dearly prize,  
 And we wont enlist, like geese."

Then the Serjeant stamped,  
 And off he tramped,  
 In a towering rage and passion,  
 For he did delight  
 In furious fight,  
 In cutting and in slashing.

Said the People, "Why  
 Do you storm so high?  
 If you truly relish fighting,  
 Why, go to be drilled,  
 And then be killed,  
 If that's what you delight in."

Said the Queen "We see  
 How it will be:  
 Our Navy will be knocked up,  
 And our glorious flag  
 Become a rag,  
 Into paper to be chopped up."

Said the People then,  
 "We'll flourish, when  
 False Glory's reign is over,  
 The kingdoms three,  
 Shall dance with glee,  
 And from war's curse recover."

Said Glory "Gaze  
 On the tombs I raise  
 To the Great who worship me;  
 To those whose word  
 Unsheathed the sword,  
 And spread death over land and sea."

Said the People loud,  
 "But the mighty crowd  
 Were gathered from *our* homes;  
 By hosts *they* fell,  
 And who can tell  
 Where rest *their* shattered bones?"

Said Victory, "Hear  
 The thrilling cheer  
 Of the conquering, the victorious!  
 The foes are gone  
 And the battle's won,  
 And the triumph shout is glorious!"

Said the people all,  
 Both great and small,  
 "The devil too may cheer!  
 For the battle won  
 Is his harvest-home,  
 His shouts are the shouts we hear:

Let the People all,  
 Both great and small  
 Proclaim both near and far  
*That they won't take pay  
 To wound and slay,  
 And there's an end of war!*